

## **Push Me Away** by **MusicLover6661**

**Category:** Avenged Sevenfold, Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** F/M

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Billy Hargrove, Johnny Christ, M. Shadows, Synyster Gates, Zacky Vengeance

**Relationships:** Billy Hargrove/Original Female Character(s), M. Shadows/Original Female Character(s)

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2018-03-22

**Updated:** 2018-03-23

**Packaged:** 2022-04-21 15:28:02

**Rating:** Mature

**Warnings:** Graphic Depictions Of Violence

**Chapters:** 2

**Words:** 4,357

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

# 1. Chapter 1

I had just passed the state line, it was nervewracking seeing my friend after so long. I had gone to college in Boston, and he moved back to California. So after six long years we could see one another again. Would he be the same person I remembered back in Hawkins? Or had he molded into someone entirely different? My mom had been texting me nonstop since I left Vegas, saying she was worried I would get lost on my way there. My phone was currently plugged into the car, the GPS telling me exactly where to go. I took a deep breath and parked along the road. The house was small, but big enough for him. He always said he didn't need much space when he was on his own, and from the looks of it he was serious. I took the keys out of the ignition and stepped out of the car, the sun was high in the sky, sinking into my bones as I took it all in. Stepping up the door I felt my breath hitch, what if he wasn't home? Or he had a girlfriend who wasn't going to be happy to see me? Pushing the thought aside I knocked on the door loudly. The sound of feet heading over to the door caught my attention. This was it.

"Y/N?" Billy's voice seemed deeper, his eyes squinted from the bright sunlight.

"Hey" I waved shyly, fear racing through my veins as we stared at one another.

"Holy shit, you're really here!" Billy's arms wrapped around me in a tight hug, one that I returned happily.

"I told you I was coming after I graduated" I whispered into his neck. Sure, it was a lot later than graduation, but who was I to complain?

"I can't believe you're really here! When did you get in?" He set me down on my feet after a minute, smiling happily.

"Just now actually, I parked on-" My words were cut off by another hug, I couldn't help but laugh at his excitement.

We stood together on his porch hugging and laughing. The neighbors had begun to come out from their small houses to stare at us, angry at whoever had woken them up so early on a tuesday. Billy pulled me inside quickly to avoid any confrontation, the door slamming loudly.

"Talk to me, how're things?" Billy opened his fridge and pulled out

two bottles of water, I declined the one he offered to me.

"They're good, I'm completely done with college, and as of right now I'm just traveling" That was a lie, I had been done with college, but I was more on the road to find Billy. His mother had given me his address.

"Are you gonna be in town for a few days?" Billy looked at me, his eyes full of hope.

"Yeah, I have some stuff packed in my car right now" I had packed away most of my clothes and necessities before heading out onto the road.

"Why don't you stay here? I have an extra room you can stay in" The sound of sleeping in a real bed was so nice.

"That sounds amazing Billy, i'll grab some clothes and take a quick shower" I turned and headed back out to my car, grab a bag and go inside. Don't let him ask questions.

Billy was talking on the phone when I got back inside, pointing down to where the bedroom was before going back into his conversation. I dropped the bag down on the end of the bed and looked around. It was pretty empty, save for the bed and a dresser. I knew I shouldn't of been nosy, but I couldn't help myself. I tiptoed from the room and snuck into Billy's room. His was much more filled, a large bed, two dressers, a TV hanging from the far wall. An ensuite from what I could tell. I could see the remnants of what looked like women's clothing. And a perfume bottle. Of course.

I walked back to the room I was going to be staying in and got out some clean clothes. Maybe I could wash my clothes before I snuck off again. I'd leave without a trace, hell I did it when I went to college so he wouldn't miss me. The bathroom was pretty average, the shower was nice and large though. A glass door that opened up wide enough so I could have a little dance party to myself. Maybe staying for a couple weeks wouldn't be so bad.

"Billy, you're gonna make yourself sick" I watched him down another shot of whiskey, his nose wrinkling at the burn.

"I've done this before, I'm just fine" He didn't even look over at me as he sipped from his glass.

"Still, I didn't plan on driving tonight" I looked down at my Jack and coke and frowned, I had gotten maybe halfway before Billy started

trying to personally destroy his liver.

"I'll call a cab, no big deal" Billy rolled his eyes and finished the pint, pushing the glass back towards the bartender.

I sighed and got up from the bar, Billy had turned into someone much worse than when we were in highschool together. At least then he cared somewhat for his well being, but here? He didn't care about anything, or anyone.

There was a group of men playing pool, the tallest of the group was clearly winning by his triumphant grin as the shortest of the group tried everything he could to sink a ball. I grabbed my drink and sipped it while I watched them play. The bad 80's music playing in the bar made the entire event better. The taller gentleman clapped the shorter man on the back as he won the game. So they were playing for more than just money, and drinks. The shorter gentleman made his way over to the bar, muttering under his breath,

"Thinks he can order me around because he's taller, what a crock" He sighed and leaned up against the bar, waiting for someone to be free to take his order.

"To be fair, you have to be decent at the game to even have a chance" I said finishing my drink, the condensation on the outside of the glass made it slick.

"He's got like jedi mind tricks when it comes to pool, trust me" The man chuckled and shook his head.

"I'm Y/N" I turned my body so I was facing him more.

"Johnny" He held his hand out, I put my own with his for a firm handshak

The bartender walked over to take his order, making the drinks as he ordered.

"My friend Matt was checking you out by the way" Johnny looked over at me, a knowing smile on his face.

"Which ones he?" I asked looking back at the group of men.

"The one who beat me at pool" Oh, oh. Shit, if I had known that earlier I would've gone over.

"Maybe I'll go say hello" I didn't know how to approach a situation like that.

"Help me bring the drinks over and you can" Johnny picked up two

glasses and nodded to the other two.

What harm could it do? I picked up the other two glasses and followed him over. There were two other men I hadn't really noticed. One was a few inches taller than Johnny, his face scruffy, but his eyes were stunning. The other was only slightly taller than scruffy, his hair cut short, and a jawline that could cut glass.

"This is Y/N, Y/N this is Zack, Brian, and Matt" Johnny pointed to each person, so scruffy's name was Zack, cheekbones was Brian. And the hottie who had been checking me out was Matt. Got it.

"Hi" I waved between the group, though my eyes kept averting back to Matt.

"Nice to meet you, I assume you saw me kick his ass at pool earlier?" Matt gestured to the pool table that sat no more than ten feet away.

"I did, but to be fair you're clearly familiar with the game" I said with a knowing smirk. Matt smirked back, his eyes shining in the low light.

"Been playing for a while, a lot longer than you I suppose?" He raised an eyebrow, so he was older than me. Kinda hot.

"Depends on how much older you are than me" I was tempted to go and get myself another drink, but these were people I didn't know very well.

"I'll be thirty-seven in July" The answer caught me off guard, he was looking damn good for his age then.

"Twenty four in August" I said proudly, I wasn't going to try and act older to impress him.

"Hmm, older than I expected" Matt said with a smug smile. Well shit.

"Y/N!" Billy's voice rang throughout the bar.

Everyone stopped to stare as he stormed over to where I was standing, grabbing my arm roughly. I winced and went to pull my arm away before Billy was pulling me outside. I could smell the whiskey he had been drinking on his breath. If I lit a match near his mouth I would've killed everyone.

"What the hell is your problem?" I pulled my arm away from him angrily, he was crossing a line and I didn't appreciate it.

"Are you serious? Those guys were looking at you like a pack of wolves! I was helping you" Billy frowned, though his eyes were betraying how angry he was.

"We were talking about pool Billy, there was nothing going on" I shook my head, how could he assume they were thinking something so awful?

"I know that group, they're all bad news" He reached into the pocket of his jacket and pulled out a cigarette and his lighter.

"Billy you're drunk" I reached to take the lighter away from him, but he just slapped away my hands and growled.

"So what? Doesn't change how they were looking at you?" Billy lit the cigarette and pulled in a deep drag.

The air whipped around us, chilling me down to the bone as Billy smoked. I debated on far away I could get before Billy noticed in his state. But then he'd be left alone to his own devices and I didn't want him driving home. The least I could do was call a cab and make sure he made it home to his bed safely.

"I gotta call Jessica" Billy muttered under his breath, I didn't want to bother asking who Jessica was. I knew that I shouldn't of driven in my state, but I was too stubborn to let him stay at the bar.

"I'm gonna get the car" I turned and headed in the direction of the parking garage. It was surprisingly bare, then again I wasn't sure how often people went to a bar in the middle of the week.

I pulled my keys out from my pocket and felt a hand cover my mouth, a knife pressed against my neck. This is it, I'm going to die. The person started to lead me back out of the parking garage, the sound of a gone cocking stopped them dead.

"Let the girl go, and I don't blow your brains out all over the wall" The voice was deep and threatening.

"Hey man I don't want any trouble" The arms around me were gone in a second, the person fleeing.

I was too afraid to turn around, what if they were going to come after me now that we were alone? I bit my lip and looked over my shoulder slowly, my eyes were met with the person's chest. Who in the world?

"Sorry, I saw that guy follow you, and I knew that it wasn't going to be pretty" Matt put the gun he was holding into the back of his jeans. I hadn't realized he was the one holding it.

"Oh, well, thank you Matt" I stepped back to really look him over, he was taller than I was expecting.

"No problem, if you ever have a problem just give me a call" Matt held out his phone for me, I blushed and handed him my own, quickly typing my number into his phone.

I handed his phone back to him once I had finished, the panic from earlier slowly settling down in my chest. Maybe I'd have to call Matt sooner than I was expecting.

So it was a lot different being in California than I was expecting. Especially after learning Billy was indeed seeing someone and failed to mention it to me. Okay maybe I was a lot more upset with him than I was willing to admit. Billy always said there was a place in his heart for me, apparently it was so minuscule that even he couldn't see it. He would throw on his leather jacket and take his motorcycle out almost every night now. The engine revving loudly outside my window as I hoped and prayed he wasn't going to her house. He'd always come home too late in the night which would without a doubt wake me up.

I tended to reach out to Matt more often too, just so I could have someone to talk to. He would swing by when Billy was gone and just hang out. I couldn't help the feelings I got for him. He was charming, funny, kind, and not to mention drop dead gorgeous. So when he asked me out to dinner one fateful night, I couldn't help but say yes. It led me to today. Matt and I had become official almost three weeks ago. He hadn't told his friends yet, saying he wanted us to tell them. And if that wasn't going to tear me apart with nerves, nothing was.

"So, we're dating" I said as I laced Matt and I's fingers together.

"I knew it! You owe me Baker!" Johnny jumped up from his seat and clapped excitedly, a smile stretched onto his face.

"Ugh, fine" Zack rolled his eyes and took out a wad of cash before handing it to Johnny.

"Of course" Matt chuckled and rolled his eyes. I had always wondered what he did for work, though he said it wasn't important more often than not.

The rest of the afternoon was spent with questions, most of them directed at Matt and I, and our sex life. Or lack thereof in our case. We weren't in a rush to sleep together, and I wanted to be completely comfortable before I did anything. Even if it sounded silly to everyone else.

"So, are you ever gonna tell me what you do for a living?" I asked resting against him. We had gone back to his house to watch the sunset. Billy had been blowing up my phone before I shut it off.

"Are you sure you can handle it?" He asked looking down at me. How bad could it be?

"Yes, I'm sure" I said with a small smile.

"I'm in the mafia so to speak" The mafia? Like in all those mobster movies?

"Really?" I propped myself up to look at him more properly.

"Yes, really" He said with a nervous smile.

"Who do you work for?" Even if he couldn't give me a name, it was nice to know why he'd suddenly leave at times.

"I work for Billy" My heart leapt up into my throat. Wait a minute.

"Billy?" The words were barely a whisper.

"Billy's a Mob Boss" Holy shit.



## 2. Chapter 2

Things were different, I couldn't help but see Billy as someone dangerous. Matt was gone more often now, doing jobs for Billy to spite me. He was angry that Matt and I got together, and now he was punishing us both. Matt would come home exhausted, passing out in bed only to be woken up four hours later. It got to the point that I threatened Billy, if he wasn't going to leave Matt alone for one night, he was going to have to deal with me. Then things got turned upside down entirely. Zack was asking Matt to work for him instead. Doubling the pay, the hours were better, and he could deny any time he felt uncomfortable. Matt didn't want to switch over right away though, he was afraid how Billy would react. It wasn't until the night before our wedding that Matt snapped on Billy.

"I'm getting married tomorrow, and you're expecting me to go take out someone because your other men are tired?" Matt was practically screeching on the phone, the veins in his neck bulging.

"Matt, I need this taken care of before the morning, it's the least you can do" Billy sighed on the other end of the phone.

"No, I'm not going to be exhausted at my wedding, call someone else" Matt hung up the phone with a growl, I couldn't help but watch him from the couch.

"Come lay down" I held out my arms and laid across the couch. He sighed and walked over, laying down atop of my body as he did.

It was quiet for a few moments, only our breathing could be heard throughout the room.

"You need to take Zack up on his offer" I whispered as I stroked my hand along his back.

"I know, I'm going to talk to him about it before the wedding" It was then I realized that Matt had to leave for the night, he couldn't see the bride before the wedding.

"I'll be the one in white" I said with a small smile. He would know.

He had been working for Zack for a little over six months and things were beyond perfect. Zack wasn't kidding when he said pay would be doubled. Matt was making so much money we didn't know what to do with it. So we did what we thought was best, we put it in a

savings account for our future kids, or our futures in general. It was nice not having to worry about bills, or if we'd be able to afford food for the week. I'd even donated to people when they needed it most. It was the only thing I could really do.

"Babe, can you come here?" I was looking down at the white stick in panic, the two bright pink lines staring back at me.

"What's up?" Matt stood in the doorway, his chest glistening with sweat from his workout.

"I'm pregnant" I said holding my hands on my flat stomach. I was only two weeks late for my period, but it was enough for me to notice.

"Oh, well that was quicker than I thought" Matt had stopped using condoms the day we got married. And since I knew I didn't want to be with anyone but him, I stopped taking my birth control.

"You're not upset?" I asked looking over at him, I wasn't sure how my face looked.

"Babe, we're married, and I've always wanted a kid so no I'm not mad" Matt smiled and rubbed my arm gently. It was the only way either of us could calm down.

After that fateful day in the bathroom I found out I was due in early July, between the 3rd, and the 8th. Neither of us were entirely sure when the baby was going to come until I was closer to the end of my first trimester. Watching my stomach grow was fascinating. There was a little human growing inside of me, and I was their home for nine months.

"Babe! I felt the baby move!" I excitedly reached for Matt's hand, he raised an eyebrow and pressed his hands against my belly. Even though his hand covered most of my belly the baby pressed gently against his fingers.

"That's our little one in their, it's so crazy" Matt smiled softly, his eyes glazing over.

"Aww, you big softie" I rubbed his hand and laid back on the couch, it was more tiring than I was willing to let Matt know, he didn't need to worry about me.

He rested against me so his ear was pressed against my belly, listening to the baby move around. It was so strange watching him, but comforting all in the same moment. My husband, and the father

to my unborn child. Who knew this was where either of us was going to end up after so long?

~~~

### 3 Months Later

I was tied to a chair, screaming for someone to help me, for anyone to find me. It was no use though, no one knew where I was. The room was pitch black, save for a small light above my head. All I could think about was Matt, and my son. We were going to name him Nathan James. But from the situation I found myself in, I wasn't sure I was going to be able to do that. I wanted to rub my belly and tell my son everything was alright. Mommy was fine, just a little shaken up. The doctor had ordered me to stay as stress free as possible. Except now I couldn't, I was afraid I was going to die.

"I didn't want to do this, I really didn't" The words were quiet, though they echoed through the room as if they were shouted.

"Please let me go, I'm begging you" I could feel Nathan kick my belly gently as if he was trying to assure me that he was alright.

"I can't do that, you see your husband went to work for the wrong guy, and well that's not how it goes in my book" My heart stopped, Billy.

"Are you fucking kidding me? You're going to kill me because Matt went to work for Zack? After all he's done for you?!" I couldn't control my breathing, my heart was beating erratically.

"He needed to learn! And this is the only fucking way he's going to do that!" Billy pulled a gun out from a pocket on his jeans.

Oh no, oh god please no. This can't be fucking happening! This has to be a sick joke!

The gunshot rang loudly in the room, blood spraying against the far wall. The body hitting lifeless against the floor, blood pooling around it quickly.

### Matt's P.O.V

I woke up to a phone call, whoever it was had been calling for over twenty minutes. I groaned loudly and answered.

"Hello?" I whispered into the receiver, I just wanted to go back to sleep.

"She's gone Matt, Billy fucking got to her" My blood ran cold as ice.

"No, you're fucking joking with me right now Haner" I sat up in the bed, looking over to Y/N's side of the bed, it was empty.

"I found her, they dumped her on my doorstep" Brian covered his mouth as a sob escaped his lips.

"I'm coming, don't leave your house, don't answer the door, don't do fucking anything" I growled angrily into the phone. I hung up and changed into the closest thing to me.

My wife was murdered, my unborn son was gone!

I was at Brian's house within ten minutes, going well over the speed limit than I was willing to admit. I could just pay off the cop that pulled me over anyway. I needed to see her with my own eyes, to see what that cock sucker Hargrove had done to her. I walked inside to Brian and Zack talking softly, their eyes full of pain as it finally hit me. She was truly gone. My wife wasn't coming back.

I fell to my knees, tears sliding down my cheeks as I cried. I knew I needed to be strong, to show that nothing could hurt me. But this. This was worse than death itself. I could handle being stabbed, being shot, hell I had been stitched up while conscious all the time. None of that ever bothered me, or hurt as much as this right now.

"I'm going to kill him, I swear to god I am going to make him suffer for what he did to me" I clenched my hands into fists and growled, this was crossing a line no one had ever crossed before.

"Matt, he's got body guard, there's no way you could get in alive" Brian was trying to reason with me, I wasn't thinking as clearly as I should've been.

"No, I'll do something better" I glanced over at Zack, if I could have him strike a deal alone.

"Matt, I can't do anything that will risk my neck, Billy's not that stupid" Except he was.

I stood inside the warehouse waiting for Billy to step inside, and the moment he did I couldn't help the sick smirk that spread across my face. He didn't know what he was up against.

“How'd I know Zack tricked me” Billy growled under his breath.

“I don't know, why don't you ask my dead wife?” I asked glaring at him, I couldn't rush into something like this, there was no doubt that Billy had men waiting for him outside.

“Matt, about that” Billy put his hands up in defense.

I reached forward and gripped roughly onto his suit jacket, slamming my fist into his cheek, once, twice. He roughly shoved me away, spitting blood onto the ground as he coughed. I reached for the gun I had and put my finger over the trigger. He held his hands up in surrender.

“You know why I'm here Hargove!” I hadn't felt this anger in a while, ever since my first kill.

Before I could blink a rope was around my throat, cutting off my air supply. I threw down my gun and reached for the person who was personally trying to suffocate me. It was no use, they only held tighter as I fell to my knees, my eyes rolling back before I hit the ground entirely.

I would be able to see Y/N again, and that's all that mattered. I needed her.